



stumbling onto cases of whiskey, rum, and brandy. "They were discarded to lighten boats and destroy evidence when revenue agents surprised bootleggers smuggling liquor to mansions ashore."

"You Can Hear the Grass Grow"

One manor overlooking the clamflats stands on Castle Hill. It was built by Richard T. Crane, Jr., whose name became famous on plumbing fixtures. I heard much about the family's life-style. Mrs. Crane didn't like the first house they built—an Italian villa—so after ten years they tore it down and built a Georgian palace, based on two English manor houses, with woodwork from the library of the Earl of Essex. There were fifteen year-round servants.

Lewis Kilborn, a retired fisherman called the "Grape Island Hermit," remembers

attending picnics given by the Cranes for their children on Crane Beach: "It didn't matter whether we were rich or poor; Mr. Crane wanted us all to come. He was real generous to us kids who lived across the river here on Grape Island."

Today Grape Island is a wildlife refuge, and Kilborn's lifetime permit to inhabit his paintless clapboard dwelling there has made the stocky old man the only resident among the green thickets of the marsh island since 1946. "Sometimes I think about moving ashore, but I couldn't stand the noise. Out here you can hear the grass grow. When I die, that'll be the end of Grape Island. Who's goin' to remember man was out here? Who's goin' to know we made a living shooting seals with shotguns for a bounty of five dollars a tail? We thought we had struck it rich when we learned to make three seals' tails



WITCHES of Salem find a more tolerant reception today than in 1692, when 150 townspeople were jailed under suspicion of witchcraft, with 19 eventually hanged. Now, on nights of new and full moons, a group of serious-minded people defining themselves as witches meets safely in homes to chant and form a magic circle. "A witch was originally a seeker of knowledge," says Laurie Cabot, the state-designated Witch of Salem. There are 350 witches in the area, she reports, all said to exhibit psychic power.

Nothing is simple with these witches. Across the bottom of the group portrait at left runs what Eastman Kodak describes as an infrequent phenomenon on modern film, static electricity. "No," counters Ms. Cabot, "that electricity is actually in the room. It forms the perimeter where our magic circle was. No question about it."